Shipwrecked.

FROM THE PRENCH OF PRANCOIS COPPER. Our coast-guard now, whose arm was shot In the great fight in Navarino bay; Puffing his pipe, he slowly sipe his grog, And spins sea-yarns to many an old sea-dog

Sitting around him. Yes, lads—hear him say— Tis sixty years ago this very day Since I first went to sea; on board, you know Of I a Belle House Of La Belle Honorine—lost long ago— An old three-masted tub, rotten almost, Just fit to burn, bound for the Guinea coast.

We set all sail. The breeze was tair and stiff Where an old man-my uncle, so he said-Kept me at prawning for my daily bread. At night he came home drunk. Such kicks and blows!

Oh, me! what children suffer no man knows!

tound to take, to beer, and make no sound First place, our ship was in the negro trade, And once off land, no vain attempts were At secrecy. Our captain alter that

(Round as an egg) was liberal of the cat. The rope's end, cufs, kicks, bloom, all tell on I was ship's boy- 'twas natural you see-And as I went about the decks my arm Was always raised to lend my face from No man had pity. Blows and stripes always, For sailors knew no better in those days Than to thresh boys, till those who lived at

As able seamen shipped before the mast.

I ceased to cry. Tears brought me no relief,

I think I might have perished of mute grief, Had not God sent a friend-a friend-to me. Saflors believe in God—one must at sea. On board that ship a God of mercy then Had placed a dog among those cruel men. Like me, he shunned their brutal kicks and

blows. We soon grew triends, fast triends, true friends, God knows. He was Newfoundland. Black, they called His eyes were golden brown, and black his He was my shadow from that blessed night When we made friends; and by the star's halt-

When all the forecastle was fast asleep, And our men "caulked their watch," I used With Black among some boxes stowed on

And his kind eyes glared like coals of hell! "Here, Black, old fellow! here!" I cried in He looked me in the face and crouched again, I rose; he snarled, drew back. How pitcously His eyes entreated help! He snapped at me.

special or sign I divade I see

SECRETAL SECTION AS

Taick almy loam drip from his awful jaw;
Then I knew all! Five days of tropic heat.
Without one drop of drink, one scrap of meat,
Had made him rabid. He whose courage had
Preserved my life, my messmate, triend, was You understand? Use you see him and me,
The open best tossed on a brassy see,
A child and a wild beast on board alone,
While our hand streams down the tropic sun?
And the boy uroushing, trembling for his life.
I searched my positive and drew my knile—
For every one instinctively, you know,
Defends his life. Twas time that I did so,
For at that moment, with a furious bound,
The cog flow at me. I sprang half around.
He misses me in blind haste. With all my
might seized his neck, and grasped, and held him

What matters how, after that deed was done, They picked me up half dead, drenched in his And took me back to France?

I have killed men-ay, meny-in my day,
Without remorse-for salors must oday.
One of a squad, once in Barbadoes, I
Shot my own courade when condemned to
die.
I never dream of him, for that was war. I never dream of him, for that was war. Under old Magon, too, at Trainigar, I hacked the hands of English boarders. My axe lopped off. I dream not of those men. At Plymouth, in a prison-hulk, I slew
Two English jailors, stabbed them through and

did-confound them! But yet even now The death of Black, although so long ago, Upsets me. I'll not sleep to-night. It brings Another glass! We'll talk of Here, boy!

other things. -E. W. Latimer, in Harperia Magazine.

The Basket of Shavings.

CHAPTER I. "Becky Fairweather, where have you been all this while?"

It was a shrill woman's tongue that put the question; and it was a timid child's voice that replied: "I've just been playing in the court here, along with the girls. Please don't whip me, Aunt Nora! Please don't!"

Little Becky stood trembling at the door, with a face full of terror and entreaty, while the woman advanced upon her with a lowering look, whose dreadful meaning the child knew too well.

"There!" said Aunt Nora, giving the little shoulders a rude shake. "Now stop your crying. I'll teach you to be out playing with the girls, when I want you!"

"She hasn't turned me out, not quite, Becky Fairweather, where have you to her aunt; and thus, between two fears.

'I didn't know you wanted me, Aunt "You might have known. Hush your noise. Now take the basket and go over to the Dimmock house for shavings and don't let me hear another word out of your head if you know when the basket and go home without it full of shavings; if I did, she'd whip me worse than ever " of your head, if you know what's good

afraid to go."

"What are you afraid of? There's nothing to hurt good girls, and if you're a bad child, it's you're own fault. You might have gone before sundown. Come, I shall want the shavings to kindle the fire in the morning; and the longer you wait the darker it will be."

"Oh, aunt! I can't go into that old house. The last time I was there I heard something, and it wasn't half so heard something, and it wasn't half so here a was not far off; and house. The last time I wasn't half so here was not far off; and house was not

"What do you want of Tom?" he retord, and dighing to the party would have been kinder to be to be to to

"Oh, aunt! it's getting so dark. I'm Mrs. Cary put her arm kindly about

The size of the two controls of the control of the

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maximum of ninety-nine degrees in the shade and 100 degrees in the star; and July has a mean of seventy-seven degrees, with a minimum of sixtif-seven degrees three test from the grount, fifty-five degrees in the grass, and maximum of eighty-five degrees in the sun. I here is never a month when the sun. I be not go to 140 degrees in the sun. The coldect month of Fiji is about twenty legrees hotter than the warmest weather in ban-better than the warmest weather in ban-

POR THE P New York Pag figured stike of his

igns, are to be used a kirts of plain bunting One of the prettiest and yellow roses places brim lined with red sa crown of red satin w

Ribbons are very ric The accept are alike or can be turned, twisto and knotted without d are expensive, and the is that a large quanti-required.

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All these are made u
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